

# Country Theater



## way Players Use ld Music Hall

spirit of informality as the actors stroll along the street and often are stopped by the townspeople. In center Charles, stage manager, with Jetti Preminger, left and Olive Deering, members of the troupe. Mowing grass Tine. Herman J. Lusardi, on curb, is stopping group as Leon A. Carpenter, cycling newspaperman, pulls up.





Ferdie Hoffman and Olive Deering rehearsing for production of "Angel Street." Both were in the original cast of show on Broadway.



## Broadway Players Use Old Music Hall

There's a spirit of informality as the actors stroll along the street and often as is Leon Charles, stage manager, with Jetti Preminger, left and Olive Deering, is George Tine. Herman J. Lusardi, on curb, is stopping group as Leon A. Ca



Roof terrace of 50-year-old Music Hall is used for rehearsal.



Ted Post, director, rolls out barrel in lobby. It's root be



and often are stopped by the townspeople. In center live Deering, members of the troupe. Mowing grass is Leon A. Carpenter, cycling newspaperman, pulls up.



It's root beer.

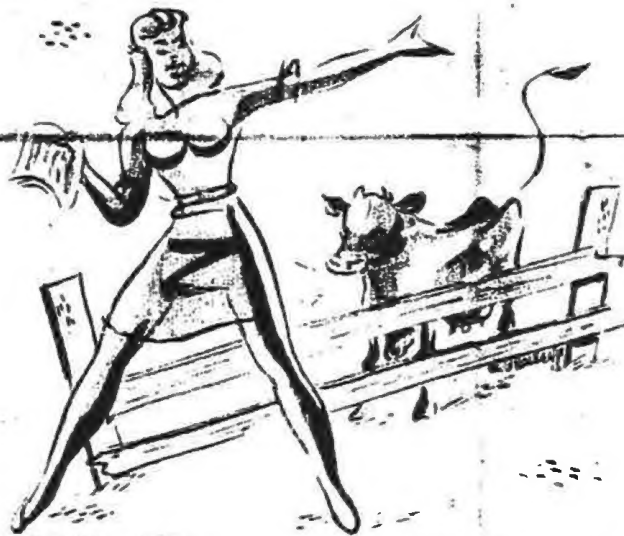


Beatrice Manley catches up on "home work" as Jetti Preminger relaxes in Courtesy House.

(Staff Photos, A. W. Johnston)

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So, with 28-year-old Post as director, the troupe moved into town. Most of them moved into



finally turned it over to town volunteer fire on the condition that the men could use it for shows and affairs if they take care of it.

Not much went on there in recent years, however, and place was pretty run down when Rich and his troupe took over. First thing it needed was a thorough cleaning, but there was nobody looking for the kind of work in Clinton. I looked for a while as though the actors would have to be cleaners, too, until Rich came up with an idea.

He got a group of trustees from nearby Clinton Farms, state women's reformatory, who did a bang-up job.



"Coffee conference" in the Courtesy House. Sam S.



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Ted Post directs Olive Deering and Ferdi Hoffman as they rehearse scene on river bank. An old mill is seen in background.

### COVER PICTURE

The picture on the cover shows Beatrice Manley leaving the Clinton House for the theater, with Judiah Case, 75-year-old Flemington horse dealer, providing an appreciative audience.



"Coffee conference" in the Courtesy House. Sam Steinman, publicity man, left, gets earful.

NEWARK SUNDAY CALL 9

me work as Jetti Preminger relaxes in Courtesy House.

Staff Photos, A. W. Johnston

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the ancient Clinton House, the town's only hotel and a widely known eating place. Two of the girls however settled at motherly Mrs. Bertha Fox's Courtesy House, a country boarding house at Leigh and Main streets.

Dressed in their casual rehearsal clothes—summer frock players are on stage rehearsing about 10 hours a day—the troupers quickly became part of the Clinton scene. Passersby stopped to watch as they rehearsed next week's attraction on the river bank or earnestly read lines to one another on the hotel porch.

**THE** Clinton people went to the first shows out of curiosity, and stopped the actors and actresses on the street to tell them whether they liked the shows. The word spread, the headshaking stopped, and the theater was part of Clinton.

The new venture brought to life the old theater which back at the turn of the century housed one-night road shows and minstrels. The stage curtain contains signatures of many old troupers who played there, including the headliners of the Guy Brothers and De Rue Minstrel shows which were yearly events.

That ended about 20 years ago when the place became the Topaz, a movie theater. But after a few years the movies moved on and the old music hall was abandoned. Its owners finally turned it over to the town volunteer fire company on the condition that the firemen could use the place for their shows and that they would take care of it.

Not much went on there in recent years, however, until the place was pre-arranged when Rich and his troupe moved over. For this he needed a thorough cleaning, painting and the work on the interior. He looked for a while, but the actors would have to be cleaners too, until Rich came up with an idea. He got help from Harry Clinton, former state women's reformatory, who did a bang-up job.



### COVER PICTURE

The Clinton House, the town's only hotel and a widely known eating place, is the scene of the new attraction. The old Flemington house, later, is a popular spot for the audience.



ers took over a half-century-old auditorium seating 360, rejuvenated it after 15 years of disuse, and are putting on Broadway shows for delighted country audiences. It's the first time Clinton ever had a show company that stayed more than one night

**W**HEN the townspeople heard that the theater planned to run six-day weeks for at least a 15-week season they shook their heads. "It'll never last," they said. But Eddie Rich of Trenton, youthful theatrical technical man turned producer, was undismayed. Clinton, he knew, is the center of a five-mile radius encompassing about 5,000 people. The town supports two banks, and he believed it was ripe for a summer stock theater.

So, with 28-year-old Post as director, the troupe moved into town. Most of them moved into

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#### COVER

The picture on the cover of the Clinton House for the old Flemington horse and audience.



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Home work as Jetti Preminger relaxes in Courtesy House.

"Coffee conference" in the Courtesy House. Sam Steinman,

# NEW YORK Herald Tribune

RADIO PROGRA  
PHOTOGRAPH  
RESORTS—TRAV

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1947

## "Eastward in Eden" Brings the Love

## of Emily Dickinson to the Stage



Emily Dickinson and her unorthodox ideas are a cause of much concern to her father and sister. Beatrice Straight as Emily, Edwin Jerome and Beatrice Mantley in the other roles



## Romance and Mystery

Story of Emily Dickinson "This Was a Poet," and named has come to the world in a Miss Dickinson's "dearest earthly friend" as Dr. Charles Wads-

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## Romance and Mystery

**T**HE story of Emily Dickinson has come to the world in a series of tantalizing installments. Publication of her first poems, carefully guarded during her lifetime, was the first excitement. Some critics promptly gave her station with such lyric poets as Keats and Browning. It seemed extraordinary that a New England spinster, self-exiled to the grounds of her father's Amherst home, was capable of such lyric flights. The explorations into her life began.

Emily Dickinson's neighbors hinted that there was a romantic mystery behind her spinsterhood. They remembered her as a sprightly girl, popular with men. Then, inexplicably, she sought solitude. Dressed always in white, she was seen tending her garden, gliding in and out of the house, "a hurrying whiteness," in Genevieve Taggard's phrase, never seen outside the grounds, always an object of gossip and wonder.

Her love poems gave the first hint of a man in her life, but there was no agreement as to his identity. A play called "Brittle Heaven," based on biographical incidents, suggested that the man was Major Hunt, husband of her friend and neighbor, Helen Hunt Jackson.

In 1939 Professor George F. Johnson, of Amherst, published his biography of Emily Dickinson,

"This Was a Poet," and named Miss Dickinson's "dearest earthly friend" as Dr. Charles Wadsworth, a married minister of Philadelphia. This is the man who appears in Dorothy Gardner's "Eastward in Eden," the play that comes to the Royale Theater Tuesday.

During her extensive research, Mrs. Gardner discovered that Dr. Wadsworth, twenty years after parting from Miss Dickinson, impulsively left his Philadelphia pulpit one Sunday and went to Emily's Amherst home. From an abundance of factual incidents and revelations in the love poems, Mrs. Gardner has reconstructed the romance between them.

Skeptical of formalized religion, Miss Dickinson went to Dr. Wadsworth for consolation after the death of another suitor, Ben Newton, who worked in her father's law office. There were other meet-

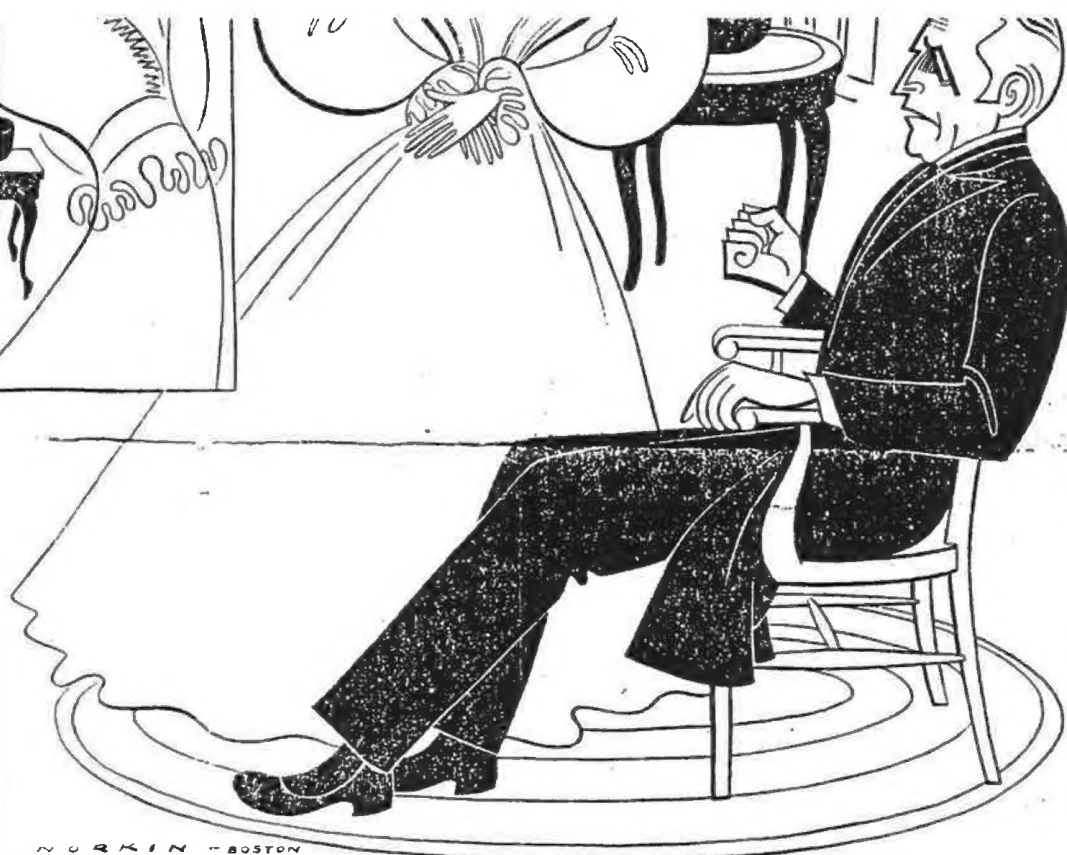
ings with the minister, ended, according to Mrs. Gardner's conclusion, by his realization that continued association was dangerous. He departed with his family for California and saw no more of her until the Sunday he went to her from his pulpit.

"Eastward in Eden" is the third play suggested by the life of this poet. Another was Susan Claspel's

"Alison's House," the 1931 Pulitzer Prize winner. Miss Claspel's play transported the Amherst locale to Iowa, and placed the time eighteen years after the death of the poet, Alison Stanhope. Much is made of the refusal of Alison's sister to release her poems to the world, which parallels the attitude of Miss Dickinson's sister, Lavinia. "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," a

story by Helen Hunt Jackson which is accepted as a fictional study of Miss Dickinson, names a Pastor Dorrance as the luckless suitor. He, too, is sent away, but for other reasons than Mrs. Gardner advances.

Mrs. Gardner, during the writing of "Eastward in Eden," had frequent consultations with representatives of the Dickinson family.



Miss Straight and Onslow Stevens, the latter in the role of the Rev. Charles Wadsworth

## Plays of the Week

### Tuesday Night

"EASTWARD IN EDEN," a drama by Dorothy Gardner, opens at the Royale Theater under the banner of Nancy Stern. A cast headed by Beatrice Straight and Onslow Stevens includes Edwin Jerome, Beatrice Manley and Penelope Sack. The company is directed by Ellen van Volkenburg. The settings and costumes are by Donald Oenslager.



# Beatrice Straight Tops Cast in 'Eastward to Eden'

By PEGGY DOYLE

When the Dickinson parlor talk last night turned to immortality in "Eastward to Eden, there was a noticeable restiveness on the part of the Plymouth first-nighters.

For Dorothy Gardner's dramatization of the love story of Emily Dickinson which has some of the charm of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and a sensitive, spirited performance by Beatrice Straight, is at its best during the romantic first half of its playing.

Miss Straight, in the role of the Amherst poet whom many literary critics have acclaimed as America's greatest poet, is really the news of last night's opening. Her's was the standout performance, and her wonderfully controlled voice one of the most expressive and hauntingly lovely heard this season.

She is not a beauty but there were times last night when, by the alchemy of her artistry, she projected the mood of beauty and the stage became alive.

Onslow Stevens, as the minister, Dr. Charles Wadsworth, who was the lover of many of her celebrated poems, hardly matches Miss Straight's grace of performance. His is a turgid portrayal that is hardly keyed to the warmth and lightness that characterize his leading lady's characterization. Stevens' Mr. Wadsworth is not exactly convincing as the poetess's unrequited yet unswerving love of two decades.

Edwin Jerome's austere, joy-disapproving parent of the poetess, and Kate Tomlinson's forthright, knowing housekeeper are well done. Beatrice Manley's, un-understanding elder sister, Lavinia Dickinson, is excellent.

Donald Oenslager's sets, particularly the family's parlor in Amherst in the middle fifties, are important atmospherically as well as occasion for various sounds of approval as the curtain rises. The

second act's fourth scene, a cross-section of a small cottage with a white, vague-making curtain to indicate a shadowy eternity, is most effective.

Before "Eastward to Eden" takes off for a Broadway opening, it is going to require a stern overhauling including a busy employment of the blue-pencil. Its charm is somewhat overshadowed now by the looseness of its story and the crying need for some generous cutting.

## NIGHTINGALES AT KENMORE

"A Cage of Nightingales," French film import starring the noted Gallic star, Noel-Noel, and the Little Singers of the Wooden Cross, famous boys' choir, is having its New England premiere at Kenmore Theater today.

## Calypso Fails As Mirth Revue

Samuel Manning and Adolph Thenstead attempted to present a mirth revue, but unfortunately, the humor was as bland as butter-milk and the revue merely touched the fringes of entertainment.

Pearl Primus injects the vigor of her dancing into the banality of the revue. Her body, beautiful in its subtlety, motivates tremendous expressions. Claude Marchant is the most stimulating force in the entire production, for his superb agility is like an electric current, generated within his tempestuous innards. He creates carnality with the sensitivities of an artist.

Curtis James and Alex Young demonstrate their remarkable capabilities as dancers in the interpretation of an African legend. The male members of the dance group are splendid and cover many of the defects in the chorus. The Smith youngsters spark the apathetic dialogue occasionally with their versatility, expended in some dancing ditties. —E. R. F.

**LAST DAY** JAMES CAGNEY • GEO. RAFT "EACH DAWN I DIE"  
DENNIS MORGAN "BAD MEN OF MISSOURI"  
Stage • JOEY ADAMS • GEORGIA GIBBS • Others

**RKO BOSTON** TOMORROW  
Starts 8:30 P.M.

HIS EVIL GENIUS DRAGGED  
THEM DOWN INTO HIS WEIRD,  
WICKED SHADOW-WORLD!

**TYRONE  
POWER  
"NIGHTMARE  
ALLEY"**



SHUBERT • 8:30 • MAT. TODAY AND SAT.  
**PEARL PRIMUS**  
In a Gypsy's Torrid



*Beatrice Straight is comforted by Beatrice Manley  
in "Eastward in Eden," arriving Tuesday at the  
Royale.*



DOROTHEA FREED, left, WALTER BURNE, BEATRICE MANLEY and ROBERT WILLIAMS, the talking sergeant, in a scene from Maxwell Anderson's "The

Eve of St. Mark," which celebrated a double milestone yesterday at the Cort. It began its eighth month on Broadway and scored its 250th performance.



'ONE OF MOST AMBITIOUS PRODUCTIONS'

## Stanford Players to undertake Aeschylus trilogy, The Oresteia

The curtain will rise next week on one of the most ambitious productions ever undertaken by the Stanford Players.

The night of May 31 will see the opening of The Oresteia, a trilogy of plays by the Greek writer Aeschylus. With its single massive theme—guilt and retribution—the trilogy carries tremendous emotional and visual impact.

Stanford's will be one of the rare productions of the entire trilogy—Agamemnon, The Choephoroe, and The Eumenides. Occasionally, a single play is done.

The story, one of the most famous in dramatic literature, was already familiar to Greek audiences at the time Aeschylus wrote The Oresteia, about four centuries before the birth of Christ. It had its beginning in history and mythology and has been used by writers from Sophocles to Sartre.

Aeschylus was able to draw extensively on his travels and as a soldier during the wars between Persia and Greece. Agamemnon, first of the plays, is considered by many critics to be his masterpiece. In it he charted a new course for dramatic literature, breaking away as he did from the static effect of long, declamatory narration handled entirely by one actor and a chorus.

In Agamemnon, Aeschylus introduced the second and third actor, reduced the role of the chorus, and strengthened dra-

matic structure. He created a carefully delineated plot with suspense that is maintained with considerable skill.

The play opens with the triumphant return from the Trojan wars of Agamemnon, king of Mycenae. In Argos, the capital, the citizens have turned out to welcome him. The chorus of Elders relates how he had set forth 10 years earlier to conquer Troy and rescue Helen, another noted figure of Greek mythology. They tell, too, how when Agamemnon's ships were becalmed, he sacrificed his daughter Iphigenia to the gods in a successful bid to win fair winds.

He has brought back with him as slave and concubine, Cassandra, daughter of the defeated king of Troy. Cassandra, who has the gift of prophecy, is also cursed with the fate of never being believed and her warning that Clytemnestra, wife of Agamemnon, will kill him goes unheeded.

Cassandra's prophecy comes true. Over the carpets of royal purple that Clytemnestra has ordered laid down for the returning hero, Agamemnon walks to his death, victim of a plot by his queen and her lover, Aegisthus.

Cassandra follows him into the palace and to her own ordained doom.

The Choephoroe, or libation bearers, continues the tale.

It relates how Electra, surviving daughter of C-

nestra and Agamemnon, plots with her exiled brother Orestes, who has returned to the city, to avenge their father's murder. He goes to the palace and lures Clytemnestra and Aegisthus to their deaths.

In the third of the plays, The Eumenides, Orestes is pursued by the Furies, fearsome goddesses charged with the duty of punishing those who kill their blood relations. Orestes seeks sanctuary with the goddess Athena and she sets up a court to judge his case. Through the defense arguments of Apollo, Aeschylus presents the moral that only good can overcome evil. Orestes is acquitted and the Furies are transformed into benevolent goddesses. The play ends with a paean of praise by the chorus and a celebration of the return of good.

Notable among the plays that have used the story are the "Electra" and "Orestes" of Euripides, "The Flies," by Sartre, "Tower Beyond Tragedy," by Robinson Jeffers, and "Mourning Becomes Electra," by Eugene O'Neill.

The Aeschylus production originally included a fourth play, since lost; the three Stanford plays form the only extant trilogy.

Stanford will use choruses of 12, generally considered to be the number used in Greek dramatic productions.

Greek drama evolved from religious festivals in which choruses sang and chanted. As time went by, they began to act out scenes between the actors.

# Orestean Trilogy opens on Stanford stage; it's 'modern play,' which should be seen

The Orestean Trilogy, which the Stanford Players opened last night, was originally produced 2400 years ago. Yet we are seeing not primitive or medieval drama, but the first great modern play. Archaisms cling to it, in narrative recitations of tribal history, in lyrics and dances of religious ceremonial, yet here is a story unified by a theme, a tale of crime and retribution working out its bloody course, a clash of human wills and fateful happenings.

Aeschylus spans the history of man. There is primitive superstition to delight an anthropologist—even the king fears to tread on purple cloth lest he provoke the jealousy of a god, yet Zeus is addressed as the

symbol of the unknown that rules the universe. It is a story reeking with blood, from the horrible feast that laid a curse on the house of Atreus, the daughter Iphigenia sacrificed to temper the wind for Troy, down to the play's action that shows the murder of Agamemnon, the vengeance meted out to his murderous queen and her paramour; and then, suddenly, private vengeance gives way to public law, in a trial with jury and secret ballot voting. Aeschylus is like some colossal Greek statue, heroic, larger than life, and touched with recognizable human nature.

It was a colossal undertaking to stage the trilogy. The production, which runs tonight and tomorrow afternoon and evening, in Memorial Auditorium, the last of what may be called Stanford's memorable year, has a turbulent, headlong rush, under Cowles Strickland's direction. You are reminded that this is no play for a scholar's library; it was meant to excite and entertain and to be seen. No one who cares about dramatic art, or ancient Greece, or the history and thought of man, can afford to miss what is rarely offered, an opportunity to see it on the stage.

The three plays are really three acts of one drama. The "Agamemnon" is most nearly a play of our kind, for it centers on the complex character of basileus-fascination, the forerunner of Lady Macbeth, Clytemnestra. In "The Libation-Bearers" Orestes is a simpler personality, an instrument, and much of the action is a lamentation at the grave, an exhortation to the culminating deed. It is those moments, when the young king goes to his doom, when Clytem-

has been earnestly studied, but it comes out rather dry and cold, not the pitiful, frenzied girl who should bring tears to the eyes.

Jules Irving is a boyish, determined, and driven Orestes, holding a difficult role steadily, and his voice is another that appears effortless. Margaret McKenna as Electra has a strain and her movements are awkward. There are two small realistic roles that add human relief to the majestic scenes: the nurse, well done by Barbara Welch, though she is placed too far back to get over to the audience the homely details of her story; and the soldier home from the war, somehow unmistakably American, by Hal Burdick.

The choruses have to keep at a high pitch to be heard. The music, composed for small orchestra by Leonard Ratner and George Houle, was highly effective in its doomful, archaic, spare texture, especially in the mourning scenes and singing, though the last chorus is a bit gloomy for thanksgiving. The music too often competes with the words, a distraction to listening that at best requires intense concentration.

The chorus of old men in "Agamemnon" were individualized, lively characterizations. The women in the "Choephoroe" had a stylized movement that set them off from the principles, at times vividly dramatic. When the queen moved among the angry old men it was neither in the Greek style of the chorus as intermediary between audience and actors, nor convincing naturalism. Though there are difficulties almost insuperable, such unevenness in acting and handling of scenes evidenced a lack of a predetermined, clear style of how this immense and complex drama was to be produced.



NAVY LIEUTENANT CLUSTER W. A. ...

## LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

NOTICE OF INTENDED SALE OF STOCK IN TRADE GIVEN PURSUANT TO CIVIL CODE SECTION NO. 3440

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN of the intended sale on June 8, 1951, by the Seller, G. E. Strickland, 434 Guinda, Palo Alto, to the Purchaser, Shell Oil Co., 100 Bush St., San Francisco, of gasoline, lub. oil, greases and other petroleum products, all of which are located at Shell Station, Alma and Lytton, Palo Alto, Calif.

The purchase price shall be paid at 100 Bush St., San Francisco, on June 8, 1951, at 10:30 a.m.

Dated: May 28, 1951.  
G. E. STRICKLAND, Seller.

(June 1, 1951)

## SHERIFF'S SALE

Under and by Virtue of an Execution Issued Out of the Municipal Court of San Francisco, County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 27th day of February, A.D. 1951, and to me directed and delivered upon a Judgment rendered in said Court, on the 9th day of December, A.D. 1947, in favor of Pacific Employers Insurance Company, E. John Darrimon and R. W. Craig for the sum of \$315.72 in lawful money of the United States, together with costs of suit and interest, I have levied on all the right, title, claim and interest of said defendant of, in and to the following property, to-wit:

Situate, lying and being in the County of Santa Clara, State of California.

ALL OF LOT 17, as shown upon that certain Map entitled, "Tract No. 143, 'La Rosa Gardens,'" which map was filed for record in the office of the Recorder of the County of Santa Clara, State of California, on February 17, 1941, in Book 5 of Maps, at page 37.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on Monday, the 4th day of June A.D. 1951, at 2:00 o'clock P.M. of said day, I will sell all the right, title and interest of said defendant, E. John Darrimon in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy Plaintiff's claim, besides all costs, interest and accruing costs.

This sale will take place at the front door of the County Court House, in the City of San Jose, State of California and County of Santa Clara, at PUBLIC AUCTION, for Cash in hand, to the highest and best bidder.

Dated: San Jose California, this 3th day of May, A.D. 1951.

HOWARD HORNBuckle, Sheriff.

By R. P. THOMPSON, Deputy Sheriff.

(May 11, 12, 25; June 1, 1951)

Frank G. Hoge, Atty.  
NOTICE OF TIME OF HEARING ON PROBATE OF WILL AND AFFIDAVIT OF MAILING SAME.

No. 37886  
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF SANTA CLARA.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHNETTA VAN METE, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a petition for the probate of the Will of JOHNETTA VAN METE, deceased, and for the issuance to L. Van

## 'HEDDA GABLER' REVIVED

# Stanford production praised for correct Ibsen treatment

By DOROTHY NICHOLS

"Hedda Gabler," an Ibsen masterpiece, has been taken down from the shelf by the Stanford Players for the opening of their summer season. A cast of experienced actors under the direction of Nancy MacNaught (who is doing it for her thesis) is giving this tensely exciting drama a thoroughly good performance. The Little Theatre provides the intimate setting this type of Ibsen play should always have.

"Hedda" was once debated as the problem Modern Woman of the 1890s. It remains one of the most fascinating pieces of playwriting ever put on the stage. Considering those conversations between Hedda and Judge Brack, saying so much in so little; or that wonderful photograph album scene, a picture of parlor propriety, with the most dreadful revelations boiling up from under the sofa.

We are no longer accustomed to such compact, tight drama, that sometimes make an artificiality in time, and Ibsen's relentless logic sometimes forces his characters into unnatural positions. But what an incredible amount of life and character is trapped in that stuffy parlor of Tesman's villa!

It is not an easy play to do understandably — it is seldom formed by college theatres, often by star actresses. Hedda is an immensely complicated

istic, natural sort of Hedda such as she gives us.

The unfortunate husband is played by James Haran, who looks out from between sideburns with a pathetic goodness; he is so kind and boring. Haran does him beautifully. Morgan Stock adds to his list of roles that of Judge Brack, and the part could hardly be done better. With fine voice and poise, he is affable and sinister.

Beatrice Manley Blau is the good influence, Thea of the pretty hair. She is this and something more. She has some way of bringing an extra quality to a part, beyond characterization, a kind of radiance, that makes us hope she is to remain in this theatrical neighborhood.

Duane Heath is a little straight-forward and fine, an unravaged Lovborg, without the touch of pose that makes credible his acceptance of the pistol. But he plays his scenes with Hedda with sharp intensity, and his voice is a pleasure.

Nancy Langston is the good, sentimental aunt, done in a nice and self-effacing manner, though she needs to get her words out more clearly in the opening.

Costumes are hideously authentic.

Joan Hackett's set seems to proclaim at the curtain's rise. "This is Ibsen, see how drab!" Warmth and a richer ugliness would give point to Hedda's lines. These colors are dreary and cold, and that what-not belongs in





**NAVY LIEUTENANT OUSTED** — W. A. Evans (right), former navy lieutenant (ig), packs away his uniform in Washington yesterday after holding a news conference explaining how he was discharged from the navy for writing a letter to Alfred Kohlberg (left), New York importer. The letter criticized administration policies supported MacArthur's views.

## It is new element of council

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night and tomorrow afternoon and evening, in Memorial Auditorium, the last of what may be called Stanford's memorable year, has a turbulent, headlong rush, under Cowles Strickland's direction. You are reminded that this is no play for a scholar's library; it was meant to excite and entertain and to be seen. No one who cares about dramatic art, or ancient Greece, or the history and thought of man, can afford to miss what is rarely offered, an opportunity to see it on the stage.

The three plays are really three acts of one drama. The "Agamemnon" is most nearly a play of our kind, for it centers on the complex character of basileus-fascination, the forerunner of Lady Macbeth, Clytemnestra. In "The Libation-Bearers" Orestes is a simpler personality, an instrument, and much of the action is a lamentation at the grave, an exhortation to the culminating deed. It has tense moments, when the usurping king goes to his doom, when Clytemnestra meets her avenging son, when Orestes sees the Furies rise. In "The Furies" personal interest gives way to moral debate and the action is largely pictorial: Orestes at the sanctuary where the dark shade of Clytemnestra stormily stirs the Furies to action, and the final judgment scene in Athens.

Beatrice Manley's Clytemnestra is great acting; her gestures and movement seem to have come from Greek vase paintings; she is subtle and dangerous, bold and terrible. Her voice, carrying without effort, ranges from caressing welcome to harsh menace. There is voluptuous ecstasy in vengeance accomplished, anguish for the lost Iphigenia; her recounting of the murder with its sweeping, pointed pantomime makes the hair stand on end.

Don Campbell's Agamemnon is a king who could have conquered Troy, a man of power and dignity, touched happily with a wry humor. The treacherous, crafty and cruel Aegisthus is played by Bernard Blumberg to the hilt, yet without going over into melodrama.

The choruses have to keep at a high pitch to be heard. The music, composed for small orchestra by Leonard Ratner and George Houle, was highly effective in its doomful, archaic, spare texture, especially in the mourning scenes and singing, though the last chorus is a bit gloomy for thanksgiving. The music too often competes with the words, a distraction to listening that at best requires intense concentration.

The chorus of old men in "Agamemnon" were individualized, lively characterizations. The women in the "Choephoros" had a stylized movement that set them off from the principles, at times vividly dramatic. When the queen moved among the angry old men it was neither in the Greek style of the chorus as intermediary between audience and actors, nor convincing naturalism. Though there are difficulties almost insuperable, such unevenness in acting and handling of scenes evidenced a lack of a predetermined, clear style of how this immense and complex drama was to be produced.

"The Eumenides" went completely operatic, and musical show operatic at that. It was played against a superb set—all of O. G. Brockett's designs were simple and majestic; many of Lenyth Spenker's costumes had imagination and authenticity. Arthur Solomon's Apollo was out of the myths, but Lois Moran's Pallas Athene was a glittery, fluttering figure of charm, hardly the gray-eyed lawgiver of Athens. The Furies were costumed for ballet and the ending was a massed Reprise Finale, rather than a procession of delicates winding to the caves of the Areopagus.

The spirit of Aeschylus had departed; the coallbietaoinetaoin parted over the hills a little earlier to his own noble niche.

### LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

Howe, Finch & Lawry, Attys.  
NOTICE TO CREDITORS  
No. 37630

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF SANTA CLARA:

In the Matter of the Estate of HELEN D. JONES, also known as NELLIE D. JONES, NELLIE D. CHAMBERS JONES, and NELLIE CHAMBERS JONES, Deceased.

ALL OF LOT 17, as shown upon that certain Map entitled, "Tract No. 143, La Rosa Gardens," which map was filed for record in the office of the Recorder of the County of Santa Clara, State of California, on February 17, 1941, in Book 5 of Maps, at page 37.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on Monday, the 4th day of June A.D. 1951, at 3:00 o'clock P.M. of said day, I will sell all the right, title and interest of said defendant, E. John Darimon in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy Plaintiff's claim, besides all costs, interest and accruing costs.

At the front door of the County Court House, in the City of San Jose, California and County of Santa Clara, at PUBLIC AUCTION, for Cash in hand, to the highest and best bidder.

Dated: San Jose California, this 3th day of May, A.D. 1951.

HOWARD HORNBUCKLE,  
Sheriff.

By R. F. THOMPSON,  
Deputy Sheriff.

(May 11, 1951; June 1, 1951)

Frank G. Hoge, Atty.  
NOTICE OF TIME OF HEARING  
ON PROBATE OF WILL AND AFFIDAVIT OF MAILING SAME.

No. 37636  
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF SANTA CLARA.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHNETTA VAN METER, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a petition for the probate of the will of JOHNETTA VAN METER, deceased, and for the issuance to LYDIA VAN METER, CHILD of Letters Testamentary has been filed in this Court and that the 13th day of June, A.D. 1951, at 3:30 o'clock A.M. of said day, at the Court Room of the Department of the Presiding Judge of said Court, at the Court House in the City of San Jose, has been set for the hearing of said petition, where and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, on show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted. Reference is hereby made to the petition on file for further particulars.

DATED: May 22, 1951.

(SEAL) E. T. McGEHEE,  
Clerk.

By CATHARINE PIPES,  
Deputy Clerk.

FRANK G. HOGE,  
210 University Ave.,  
Palo Alto, California.  
Telephone DA 3-4502.  
Attorney for Petitioner.  
(May 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30, 31; June 2, 4, 1951)

Lakin, Rumwell and Spears, Attys.  
NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE  
No. 34541

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF SANTA CLARA.

In the Matter of the Estate of CONSTANCE BOSSONG, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, Special Administrator of the Estate of CONSTANCE BOSSONG, deceased, will sell private said, to the highest bidder for cash, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on the 3th day of June, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock after said day, at the law office of Lakin, Rumwell and Spears, in Bank of America Building in

# Greek Drama Comes in Threes at Stanford

by Luther Nichols

This week the Stanford Players will offer a production of real weight and significance in the local theater world—the Oresteia, by Aeschylus.

Hey, don't go away.

A heaping helping of Greek tragedy sounds formidable, we know. Especially if, like most of us, you can't tell a play by Aeschylus from one by Sophocles or Euripides without a program, or if the involved relationships between the god-like humans and the very human gods of Hellenic drama are all tangled up in your memory like cold spaghetti, as they often are in ours.

In that event, you've probably formed the defensive opinion that Greek drama is a dull, dead thing; quite all right for professors and ancient Greeks, but without contemporary value for you.

Don't be too sure.

Remember those two comedians in "Kiss Me, Kate" who cautioned one and all to "Brush Up Your Shakespeare" if you want to be rep? They might have gone a step further and made it "Greeks," upon whom the Bard himself often did some brushing up.

Take "Romeo and Juliet," which he wrote at the University of California Theater last week. Its plot races directly back to the Greeks. Or T. S. Eliot's "Family Reunion," which the Interplayers will give his Friday and Saturday. Though considered to mark a "new" trend in modern poetic drama, its chorus

and central figure are derived from the Oresteia—The Flies," Jean-Paul Sartre's drama given recently at San Jose State College, is another play with Grecian roots. And there are O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra," Jeffers' "Tower Beyond Tragedy," and any number of other "modern" testimonials to the lasting influence of Greek dramaturgy and the fascination that its themes—which probe deeply into the primary causes for human actions—have for our best modern playwrights.

"The Oresteia" is a trilogy; in fact, the only complete Greek one yet uncovered. It consists of three tragedies—"Agamemnon," "The Libation Bearers" ("Choephoroi") and "Eumenides"—and tells of the murder of a Greek hero, Agamemnon, by his wife Clytemnestra and her lover Aegisthus; of the revenge of the son, Orestes; of Orestes' pursuit by the Furies, and of his final trial and acquittal in Athens.

Its theme of sin and retribution, of violence begetting violence, and its profound psychological implications in the struggle of man to free himself from this tragic, bloody chain reaction have made it one of the noblest and most lasting of Greek dramas. We need not remark on its timeliness today.

BACK in the Fifth Century, B. C., Aeschylus, the "father of tragedy," presented it along with a satyr play (which has never been recovered) as part of a quadruple bill called a tetralogy. He competed with other playwrights, including Sophocles, for prizes at festivals in honor of Dionysus, the Greek god of fertility and wine. The audiences had more patience, as well as more time to kill, and assembled before dawn on stone seats in the outdoor Theater of Dionysus, near Athens, to watch a full day's competition between their favorite dramatists. Without popcorn, too.

Stanford's audiences, of some-

what different theatergoing habits, will assemble at 8 p. m. on each night of the play's performance, in comfortable chairs in the steam-heated, scientifically-ventilated Memorial Theater on the campus, and will watch a mere three hours' production, cut from five.

Who says we're not getting soft?

But all the same we will be seeing the Oresteia, and that in itself is something. Few communities have either the cultural interest or the producing facilities to stage so demanding a classic. To be downright smug

about it, it speaks pretty well for the Bay Area that this will be the second Oresteia to be given here within five years—the University of California having presented it outdoors in the Greek Theater in 1946.

It also shows the value to a community of a strong educational, non-commercial theater, for this particular drama is much too expensively bulky and unprofitable in terms of popular appeal and hard cash to be undertaken by a commercial group. (One scene in the Stanford pro-

Continued on Page 20

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they do... with  
lead, love  
and laughter!



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KAYE**  
and  
**JOAN  
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**CONNIE  
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please...I'm  
champion"

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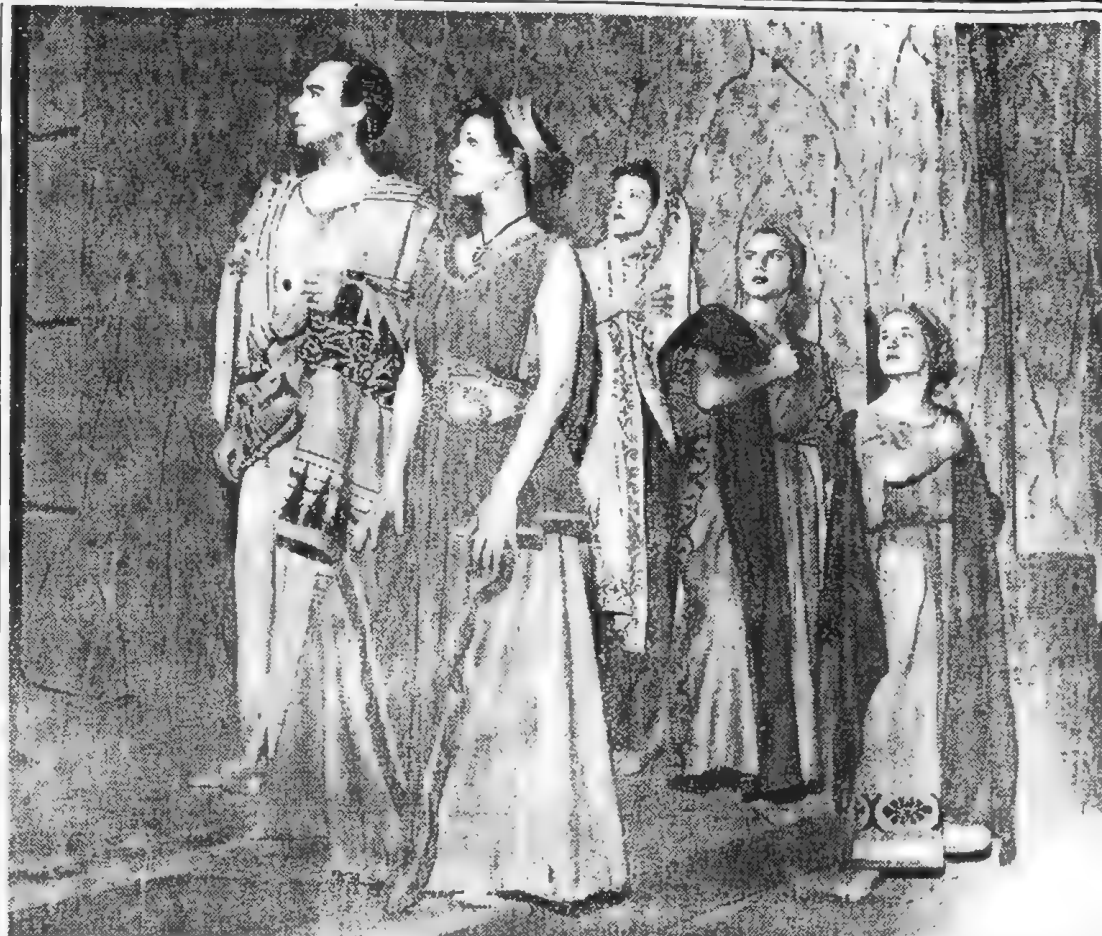
A CARGO OF  
THRILLS!  
SUSPENSE!  
EXCITEMENT!

**PIER 23**

Starring  
**ANN SAVAGE  
Hugh Belmont**



**HOME FROM THE WARS,** King Agamemnon is accorded full honors by the cheering citizens of Argos, his capital. But a rather different reception by his queen, Clytemnestra, awaits the returning hero. The lady wants no more of him and has plotted with her lover, Aegisthus, to kill him when he crosses the threshold of the palace. Beatrice Manley plays Clytemnestra in the Stanford Players' production of Agamemnon, one of a trilogy of plays by the Greek writer Aeschylus, to open at Memorial Auditorium next week. Don Campbell plays Agamemnon.



**THE CHOEPHOREE,** second of the plays in The Oresteia trilogy, continues Aeschylus's grim tale of guilt and retribution. Orestes and Electra, surviving children of Agamemnon, avenge his death at the hands of their mother, Clytemnestra, by slaying her. Beatrice Manley, who plays Clytemnestra, is seen here with her paramour, Aegisthus, played by Bernard Blumberg. Behind them are ranged members of the 12-woman chorus.

teaching at San Francisco State College. As a graduate drama student at Stanford he played in "The Hasty Heart," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Winterset," and other plays. This month he has the lead role in the Tamalpais Mountain play.

Lois Moran, who plays Athena, will be an artist-in-residence next quarter. She is a former Broadway and film actress now living in London and is active in Re cross and other community activities. She also has a group in dance theater.

Strickland, there are a number of reasons—all valid.

The cost of installing light towers and making other necessary adjustments would be prodigious. Afternoon temperatures in the amphitheater are often uncomfortably high, as many a Commencement Day audience will testify. At night, it's too cold. Then, too, it is the experience of many drama groups that outdoor performances tend to lose force because of various dis-

viola, .ble bass, and French, where the Furies are transformed into benign goddesses.



DAILY PALO ALTO TIMES, FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1951



INSTRUCTOR BEATRICE MANLEY (left) looks on approvingly as Ginger McFadden restrains Mrs. Lawrence Berdahl from further violence. On the right is Mrs. Berdahl's adversary, Mrs. David Elkington. Seated in front is Janet Elizabeth. The four are members of Miss Manley's class in speech and drama at the adult school, Monday and Wednesday nights.



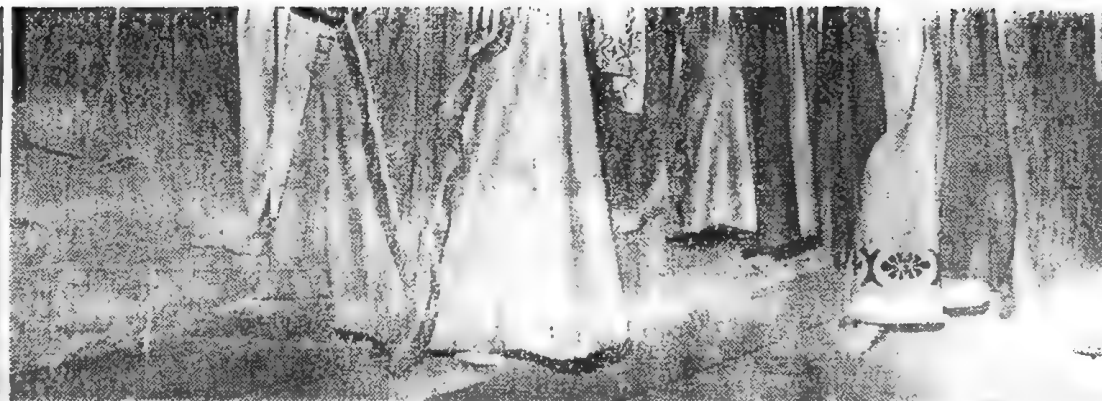
REHEARSAL — Mrs. William Peck (left) and Herman Canes of the Drama Club go through a scene from "The Diabolical Circle." On the right is the prompter, Miss using a Braille script. The club meets Tuesday nights at the local adult school under the Palo Alto Adult Education Department.



BEATRICE MANLEY, instructor of the drama club for blind people at Palo Alto Adult School, "shows" Mrs. William Peck the position of the walls, table, chair, and other props on the classroom's stage. Once they know where everything is, the blind actors can move about the stage confidently, and negotiate the steps without stumbling.



LEARNING LINES IS TOUGH for many people with sight. For these members of the Drama Club of the Blind at Palo Alto Adult School, it's even more difficult. Hervey Rainville (left) is skilled in Braille and can be seen here taking down his lines in Braille characters with a special instrument as the instructor, Beatrice Manley, reads into the microphone of a tape recorder. William Peck, on the right, prefers to memorize his part by playing it back on the recorder. The class meets under the auspices of the adult education department.



THE CHOEPHOREE, second of the plays in The Oresteia trilogy, continues Aeschylus's grim tale of guilt and retribution. Orestes and Electra, surviving children of Agamemnon, avenge his death at the hands of their mother, Clytemnestra, by slaying her. Beatrice Manley, who plays Clytemnestra, is seen here with her paramour, Aegisthus, played by Bernard Blumberg. Behind them are ranged members of the 12-woman chorus.

FROM THE WARS, King Agamemnon is accorded full y the cheering citizens of Argos, his capital. But a rather reception by his queen, Clytemnestra, awaits the return. The lady wants no more of him and has plotted with her igisthus, to kill him when he crosses the threshold of the Beatrice Manley plays Clytemnestra in the Stanford production of Agamemnon, one of a trilogy of plays by the riter Aeschylus, to open at Memorial Auditorium next n Campbell plays Agamemnon.

ible bass, and French- ner and Houle will al- ; conductors.

own that the Greeks l their plays on a stage ermanent scene house. ord production will use . designed by O. G. The palace of Clytem- e tomb of Agamemnon, le of Apollo, and the Athena.

eks used a choral ode e to indicate a lapse or change of scene. will also use those in o curtains. The chorus : forward on the ex- age and the curtain behind them to allow range of settings.

t is using 24-foot-high or the palace--so high must be assembled on

Spencer is, de costumes, using rth colors used by the hantasee Co.

where the Furies are transformed into benign goddesses and are given new robes, each made of many yards of crimson cloth. Then, they march to their new temple.

Principals in all three plays have an impressive background of professional experience.

Beatrice Manley plays Clytemnestra. She is a former junior artist-in-residence at Stanford. Last year she won glowing notices from Bay Area drama critics for her performance in the lead role of "Trio" for the San Francisco Repertory Company. She has appeared in Broadway productions and with Hillbarn Theater. At Stanford she has been seen in "As You Like It," "The Cherry Orchard," "High Tor," and "The Devil's Disciple."

Miss Manley teaches Palo Alto adult education department classes in speech and drama and the Drama Club for the Blind, also sponsored by the adult edu-

teaching at San Francisco State College. As a graduate drama student at Stanford he played in "The Hasty Heart," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Winterset," and other plays. This month he has the lead role in the Tamalpais Mountain play.

Lois Moran, who plays Athena, will be an artist-in-residence next quarter. She is a former Broadway and film actress now living in Atherton and is active in Red Cross and other community activities. She also has a group in dance therapy at the Veterans Administration Hospital in North Palo Alto.

Don Campbell is Agamemnon. He will be remembered as Brutus in winter quarter's production of "Julius Caesar" at Stanford.

Peggy McKenna play Electra. She has played two seasons of summer stock in the east and has appeared in two Broadway shows with Shirley Booth.

Arthur Solomon, who is Apollo, has toured with the Margaret Webster repertory company.

Barbara Welch, the nurse, has played in summer stock and toured with the Eva LaGallienne Company in "The Corn is Green."

All these players with the exception of Miss Moran, have studied at Stanford.

Others in the cast are Hal Burdick Jr., the herald; Eleanor Prosser, Cassandra; Jo Ann Gihard, leader of The Furies; Pa-

tricia Beverly, leader of The Choephoire chorus; Fred Forsman, the watchman, and Bernard Blumberg, Aegisthus.

Because of the magnitude of the production, rehearsals have been held every afternoon and evening for three months, with two or more held simultaneously in various parts of Memorial Theater. The project was begun last quarter and many students spent the quarter in a special class studying the work before it went into rehearsal.

The Stanford production of The Oresteia will employ blank verse and draw from several translations of the work. The cut version that will be used will play about three hours instead of the original five hours plus. Performances will begin promptly at 8 p.m.

The University of California presented The Oresteia in its Greek Theater four years ago, and some people have been wondering aloud why Stanford isn't doing its Frost Amphitheater for the production.

According to Producer

Strickland, there are a number of reasons—all valid.

The cost of installing light towers and making other necessary adjustments would be prodigious. Afternoon temperatures in the amphitheater are often uncomfortably high, as many a Commencement Day audience will testify. At night, it's too cold. Then, too, it is the experience of many drama groups that outdoor performances tend to lose force because of various distracting influences on the audience.

Repeat performances will be given on the nights of June 1 and 2 and a matinee has also been scheduled for June 2 at 2 p.m. Tickets can be obtained from the Memorial Theater box office or the Peninsula box office.



months of this and  
 polite your face aches.  
 made it. We're still friends  
 even better friends than

something of a milestone  
 e h' . Husbands and  
 ive . known to get a  
 after making a picture  
 And any spouse who  
 tes to direct the Missus in  
 wood epic does so at his  
 . And knows it.

the Spiers and the Masons  
 ated like crazy on "A Lady  
 d." "Pamela Mason wrote  
 k," Spier said. "And I did  
 enplay. We shot part of  
 ure in England and used  
 James' frozen pounds"

the Masons' 2-year-old  
 r got in the act. The movie  
 released by "Portland  
 ions" — named after her.  
 s named after that other  
 d . . . Fred Allen's wife.  
 more you hear about this  
 the cozier it gets.

English scenes were di-  
 by Pamela's ex-husband,  
 Kellino," Spier grinned.  
 s secretary had a small part  
 oo. So did one of his cats.  
 re was one scene where we  
 a song. So I dug up one  
 tten with my ex-wife and  
 d that. When we needed a  
 used the Masons' auto-  
 —Virginia MacPherson



Chatting at a party—Bette Davis, Farley Granger and Shelley Winters

## S.F. Chronicle / This World section - May 27, 1951 Greek Drama Comes in Threes at Stanford

**Continued from Page 18**  
 duction will require a cast of 60,  
 while four massive sets have been  
 designed with columns 40 feet  
 high.)

Too, the plays require an im-  
 mense amount of rehearsal and  
 memorization. The chorus, which  
 is onstage from beginning to end,  
 is required to recite, sing, chant

### Four Actresses

**Continued from Page 19**  
 mouths expressing vanity, disdain  
 or complete unconcern.

Resplendent in a blue and gold  
 uniform, Joyce whip-cracked his  
 ladies into a slow swish around  
 the set and then sent them danc-  
 ing into the wings, small hurdles  
 and dramatic gestures an-  
 nounced that they were waiting.  
 And the lowly camel, object of  
 centuries of abuse, had responded,  
 like any woman, to the thunder-  
 ing complicity of applause.

and dance as well as take part  
 in the action of the drama.

Under the veteran guidance of F.  
 Cowles Strickland, Stanford began  
 work on the production last Janu-  
 ary. Director Strickland has em-  
 ployed modern staging techniques  
 and experienced actors in the  
 leading roles. He says:

"It is possible that the Stan-  
 ford cast marks the beginning of  
 a trend, for it includes six dues-  
 paying members of Actors' Equity."  
 Heading these professionals is  
 Beatrice Manley, as Clytemnestra,  
 who will be remembered for her  
 fine performance in the San Fran-  
 cisco Repertory Theater's "Trio"  
 and who is now at Stanford on  
 a fellowship; Lois Moran, an  
 actress of considerable stage and  
 screen experience, who has been

appointed an artist-in-residence  
 at Stanford, and Jules Irving,  
 playing Orestes, who appeared  
 most recently in the annual Moun-  
 tain Play, is a former Stanford  
 student and is now a member  
 of the faculty at San Francisco  
 State.

The presence of these and other  
 professionals in the company is a  
 heartening sign that more and  
 more creative artists are settling  
 into university and community  
 theaters, where they can do real  
 work, instead of wasting their  
 energies butting against the com-  
 petition in New York.

It is a step toward ANTA's goal  
 of decentralization of the Na-  
 tion's theater, and one of many  
 promising features about the Stan-  
 ford production of Orestes.

BEG. MONDAY  
**JUNE 18**  
 URAL SEASON of  
 ICTIONS  
 MUSICALS  
**PERSON**  
 2 WEEKS BEG. JULY 2  
**DICK HAYMES**  
 "BLOOMER GIRL"  
 as SAN FRANCISCO BALLET CO.  
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**T SHARPE**  
 "BOW"  
 2 WEEKS BEG. AUG. 13  
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 "Annie Get Your Gun"  
**S NOW**  
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 ESCAPE OF CIRCUS ★

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*A Musical Fable of Broadway*  
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 with **MAXIE ROSENBLUM**  
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**4th and**  
**LAST!**  
**WEEK!**

# SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE PLAYERS PUT ON ODD DRAMA

## J.B. Priestley wrote story sideways

By DOROTHY NICHOLS

"Time and the Conways," which the San Jose State College Players gave this week for their final presentation of the year, is new to us, and a very odd play it is. The production was attractive and sincere.

J. B. Priestley, the author, lays our greed and rivalry and selfishness to the feeling that time is chipping away our lives, whereas in reality, he says, both the happiness of youth and the bitter disillusion of middle life exist at the same time. To realize that life is a mixture of joy and woe, "safely through our lives we go" (if that is the correct quotation from Blake).

To show this he takes an English family, the Conways, a group of young people with their theatrical and charming mother, on the twenty-first birthday in 1919 of one of the daughter's. Then he contrasts this with 1940 at a family conference when the mother is in financial difficulties, having squandered her fortune on her favorite, spoiled son. The family has become an em-

bittered, savagely frank, unhappy group.

Priestley does not tell his story forwards or backwards, but sideways. These two episodes make the first and second acts and there is little apparent connection, nothing inevitable that made the happy young people become the second group, and no reason at the end of either act for the play to go on. But the third act is a continuation of the 1919 birthday party and supplies all the missing links. It has a dramatic quality since the future we have seen hangs over the present.

The action is not entirely convincing in all the cases, and "The Conways" remains a novelist's play. But like a novel it leaves you with a feeling of having come close to a group of real people.

The players' sincerity and thoughtfulness in portrayal under John Kerr's direction add to this sense of reality. On the other hand some of the monotony of mood may be due to their forceful speech in telling each other off, which would sound quite different spoken in the casual manner of an English cast.

Patricia Ironside, one of the College Players' best actresses, returned to play the mother who always seeks the center of attention. It is a part providing plenty of variety, from posing to genuine emotion, with malice, charm, and pathos, and the young actress was particularly effective in the transition of age.

The girls take the honors in this production, Shirley Wilber as the writing daughter who becomes a glib columnist, Samuelson, the socialist turning into an embittered headmistress, Gwen Dam the prettiest, happily married to a rich upstart, Dorothy Williams delightful is the eager, charming youngest. Wendell Johnson's silver-gray hair and distinguished setting.

This summer San Jose will present "The Glass Menagerie," of Sydney Howard's playgoers. James Clancy will direct "The

School for Scandal" in August.

There is now a slight lull in dramatic activities, and summer officially opens with Stanford's "Accent on Youth" in the Little Theatre, June 28. The following night the San Carlos players present "An Inspector Calls," by Priestley, at Palo Alto. From then on there will be at least one play a week and sometimes two.

One of our leading ladies is giving a stellar performance in San Francisco. Beatrice Manley Blau, who has acted such widely varying roles at Stanford as the mannish woman of "No Exit," Rosalind of "As You Like It," and most recently the warm-hearted, charming, foolish Madame Ranevsky of "The Cherry Orchard," is playing the lead in "Trio" at the San Francisco Repertory Theatre.

Dorothy and Howard Baker's play gives her a part she can get her teeth into, an intellectual woman, a French professor who believes that art and decadence are linked, who holds a girl student under an evil domination.

She is charming, radiant, subtle, and when she drops the mask, a terrifying and at the same time pathetic, almost tragic figure. At the end of the play she holds the suspense up to the final curtain through a long pantomime by which she must take the audience with her through transitions of emotion without the help of a spoken word.

There is not much help either, in the girl, whose part is rather indefinitely written, and who has acted in a sullen, almost somnolent manner, emotional without responsiveness. Howard Reilly, who comes from University of California, strikes the right note as the young man who come to serve at a faculty party, and the play is well directed.

The authors, who were at Stanford for a time, have treated a dramatic theme honestly and forcefully, but the dramatic quality was stronger in the novel than on the stage, where suspense is a different matter.

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**MOONLITE**  
MOVIES

IF YOU SHOULD VISIT:

# You may come across a group of odd people

By EILEEN SUMMERS

If one night you should happen to be visiting Palo Alto High School and by chance open the door of Room 210, the chances are you will come across a group of people going through motions that appear distinctly odd on the face of it.

They may be gibbering away with slack jaws about being "alone, alone, all, all alone." They may be yawning happily. Or a small group may be up on the stage at the end of the room answering non-existent telephones, registering anger, grief, or hauteur—all in complete silence and in response to totally invisible action.

You'll discover if you stay around long enough that you have walked, not into somebody else's nightmare, but into one of the speech and drama classes conducted by Beatrice Manley under the auspices of the adults education department.

Miss Manley, a young professional actress with Broadway and radio experience, also instructs the Drama Club of the Blind which meets in the same room Tuesday nights.

The instruction is personalized and planned to meet the needs of two groups—those who are interested in acting in little theater productions, and business and professional people who have speech defects. The yawning and gibbering are exercises in relaxing the throat, an important adjunct to good diction.

Beatrice Manley is Mrs. Herbert Blau in real life.

In the lead role of the Stanford production of "The Cherry Orchard," and her performance as the brilliant and decadent woman professor in "Trio" at the Bush Street Theater last June was decried by one of the San Francisco drama critics as the "acting tour de force of the season."

She was in the first group of junior artists-in-residence to be given fellowships by the Stanford drama department, and appeared during that time in Sartre's "No Exit" and "As You Like It."

That Beatrice Manley is as skillful a teacher as she is an actress becomes obvious to any one who sits in on one of her classes.

Equally obvious is the fact that a great deal of fun goes along with the instruction. She dispenses criticism on a professional level but with a light touch and is a big hit with her students, who take the criticism in the spirit in which it is offered.

Unerringly, she puts her finger on the specific defects of each student as they go through various exercises aimed at coordinating good speech, posture, and movement.

An important part of her instruction is the motivation of emotion on the stage, so that it projects convincingly and therefore effectively.

Amateur actors tend to exaggerate emotion out of all proportion to the demands of a particular situation. They "anticipate" developments

afraid? Jane, do you suspect you are being given the brush-off by the doctor? And Mary, are you afraid you are suffering from some terrible disease? And was the doctor supposed to give you his diagnosis today?

"Did you, in fact, have a convincing



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Beatrice Manley is Mrs. Herbert Blau in private life and is the wife of a San Francisco State College professor.

She is a graduate of New York University and has piled up a creditable number of "rave" notices for her performances in Broadway productions of "The Eve of St. Mark," "The Cherry Orchard," "Snafu," and "Eastward in Eden."

More recently, she was seen

in a movement.

An important part of her instruction is the motivation of emotion on the stage, so that it projects convincingly and therefore effectively.

Amateur actors tend to exaggerate emotion out of all proportion to the demands of a particular situation. They "anticipate" development in the plot, and the lines of other actors. And they move about the stage between cues without any clear purpose.

So Beatrice Manley hammers away at the importance of doing nothing onstage without a clearly thought out reason. She never lets her actors forget that as members of a team their single performances must be keyed in with the rest of the cast's.

"Learn to judge the size of your canvas," she tells them.

And again:

"To convince an audience, an actor must first convince himself."

So, after a brief scene played on the classroom stage, in which two members of the class portray respectively fear and anger as they arrive at a doctor's office to keep an appointment and find the doctor is out, she asks them:

"Why were you angry, Jane? And you, Mary, why were you

afraid? Jane, do you suspect you are being given the brush off by the doctor? And Mary, are you afraid you are suffering from some terrible disease? And was the doctor supposed to give you his diagnosis today?

"Did you, in fact, have a convincing reason for expressing that specific emotion?"

Teaching stage technique to the blind poses additional problems, the chief of which is learning lines.

Quite a few of the men and women who lose their sight after they reach adult years find it an arduous business to learn Braille well enough to read it swiftly. Then again, there are rarely enough copies to go around in the Braille version of a play.

So several of Beatrice Manley's blind students learn their lines by speaking them into a wire recorder and playing them back repeatedly.

Almost all of them are fully self-supporting and are determined to prove to themselves and other people that here is another thing they can do as well as those with sight, thus reducing still further the gap between their lives.

"These are not people who stand on street corners with tin cups," she says. "They are rugged individualists with a keen sense of humor and a subtle sense of gallantry in the way they crack jokes about their blindness, so as to put sighted people at ease."

When one of her blind students goes up on the stage for the first time Miss Manley "shows" him or her the position of the walls, the door, tables and other props, and the outer edge of the stage. Then, everybody can relax and get on with the show.

At present, they are working on "The Diabolical Circle," and doing a fine job, too, she says.

There's plenty of room in the Drama Club of the Blind and in the Friday and Wednesday night speech and drama classes. If you have a yen to play Portia

Tribune, Fri., Jan. 30, 1953



**LISTENING IN THE BARREL, HEY?**—Rumpelstiltskin (Jules Irving) admonishes the Miller's son (Dickie Blau) in the Peninsula Children's Theater musical production of "Rumpelstiltskin"

which will be repeated tomorrow at both 1 and 3 p.m. in Sequoia High School auditorium. Irving is the show's director.

# Actor's Workshop Wins Critic's Praise

By Hortense Morton  
Drama Editor, The Examiner

THE ACTOR'S WORKSHOP is something that could happen only in San Francisco! But, here it happens.

Somehow, I wish those San Franciscans of yesteryear, Morosco and Belasco, could sit in on this Elgin Street Theater as I did last week.

After a week fretted with several night assignments, I told myself that I would see Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" and leave during the first intermission. In the vernacular, this critic was bushed. Plain tired.

"The Crucible" did what vitamins couldn't do. I stayed and came away stimulated after seeing the complete show and most honest theater I've seen in ages.

## WAITING LIST

Where is The Actor's Workshop? It's in a sly little alley off Valencia. A short breath from upper Market Street.

It has something that few little theaters have... elevated tiers of seats.

But, beware! Curtain time is 8:30. Unless you pick up your tickets by 8 o'clock they will be gone. There is a waiting list and it is breathing, in person, on the neck of the ticket seller. If you are not around, he calls out the name of the next contender... and there you go.

Frankly, I was curious about the company. Where did these actors come from? Especially such gifted players as young Priscilla Pointer. They are youngish, average age is 29. Carol Levene, the publicity gal, found out for me.

They hail from Broadway and Stanford University, from City College and from Hollywood.

Pacific, from Minnesota and from the Pasadena Playhouse.

But, the main mentors are Jules Irving and Herbert Blau, teachers at San Francisco State, who launched the workshop back in 1952 with eight actors. There are now fifty. Each one

ater or allied arts—writing, playing or listening to music, building hi-fi sets and painting.

The Workshop founders, Irving and Blau, are training their sights on a permanent and professional theater in San Francisco. Five years from inception is their deadline.

They have two more years to go.

The question is can these typists, ad-takers, teachers, lawyers, students and drama lovers earn their livings in a year round theater? That's the question posed by the group.

I've never been an advocate of stock companies per se—the handsome leading man and the pretty leading lady, the heavy,

(Continued on Page 16, Col. 2)

# Actor's Workshop Rates Hand for Fine Theater

(Continued From Page 16)

etc. That operation went by the boards with the old Duffy Play-err. We've grown in stature. So has the theater.

But, for the first time, I'm encouraged. The Actor's Workshop is something very special. Its plays are adult. Its actors brilliant.

I'm not sure that I want to see them come "down town." Granted the Actor's Workshop should have a larger theater—almost unbelievable in its expanse, that San Francisco has had for a long time.

That the Workshop plays only two nights a week is unfortunate. This is one of the times when one wishes for the old days "before taxes" when

some one without an axe to grind, angled such an operation.

San Francisco has a real find in the Workshop and in Messrs. Levene and Blau. Obviously, they know fine drama, how to develop it in excellent actors and how to present it to an eager and understanding public. They should be encouraged and assisted in presenting it to more people who respect and want live theater.

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JEROME CORBIN







**PREMIERE** of Herbert Blau's new play at Marines Memorial Theater last night found playwright Blau (center) talking with the leads, Tom Rosqui and Beatrice Manley.



**In New Play**  
Beatrice Manley is one of  
leads of "A Gift of Fury."



Mother Courage and the Cook lean on her rolling commissary for a friendly drink during a lull in the fighting. Beatrice Manley and Eugene Roche play the roles in the Actor's Workshop production of Mother Courage.

# CRITIC'S CORNER

## SF: Something Different

By William C. Glackin

The Actor's Workshop, a group whose notable combination of courage and ability has been called to your attention before, is presenting the American premiere of Mother Courage by Bertolt Brecht these Friday and Saturday nights in the Marines Memorial Theater in San Francisco.

The show has aroused considerable controversy. Perhaps this review had better say at the outset that it ranges itself firmly on the pro side. This is a fine production of a powerful and fascinating play.

Let us also face immediately the fact that it is a tract—a predominantly satirical, sometimes farcical, more often savagely and bitterly derisive indictment of war.

Now, tracts are supposed to be death in the drama. It is a sturdy axiom that you can't hit people too hard with a message and succeed as theater. There is a lot of evidence to prove this. Mother Courage, it seems to me, proves it ain't necessarily so.

Brecht violates, furthermore, some other very fundamental laws of drama. There is no surface conflict in his play. There is therefore very little suspense, in the usual sense. Yet as the drama draws toward its close, you realize that it is a kind of law unto itself. It is essentially episodic, yet the episodes gather

exploding in one small, glorious martyrdom.

It is a tremendous scene, played with tremendous power by Jinx Hone. But more than its impact as theater, it is the one stroke which cleaves through the dark shield of Brecht's bitterness to reveal his hope, by a single, simple statement of belief in the spark of rebellious goodness and intelligence in man. Almost, you feel, in spite of himself, Brecht allows the human race—that is, the good in the human race—to speak out this once, loud and clear.

As in the past, the Workshop's play is so interesting it leaves little room to discuss the players. Herbert Blau's direction, first of all, seems extremely good, bringing out the essential meaning of characters and scenes and illuminating both with many small, bright touches.

I have nothing but admiration for Beatrice Manley's work in the title role, an extremely interesting vehicle which might allow for a number of physically varied interpretations. Hers seems both powerful and right, a picture of a strident, mixed-up woman—tough, shrewd, cynical and showing just enough heart to make her stupidities all the more tragic. As noted, Jinx Hone presents a telling, touching figure in Catherine; Malcolm Smith and Stan Young provide strong individual char-

on the pro side. This is a fine production of a powerful and fascinating play.

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Brecht violates, furthermore, some other very fundamental laws of drama. There is no surface conflict in his play. There is therefore very little suspense, in the usual sense. Yet as the drama draws toward its close, you realize that it is a kind of law unto itself. It is essentially episodic, yet the episodes gather a momentum which creates its own suspense. Interest builds, scene by scene, as the meaning and feeling of the play become clearer and stronger, until Brecht creates a final, climactic moment of shattering power.

His whole statement falls into place when Dumb Catherine mounts the roof of a hut and begins to pound a drum—not just to awaken a town against invading soldiers, but to sound an alarm against the rottenness, the bestiality, the avarice and, above all, the stupidity of war and the fact of men making war, which have ground down her life and spirit, up to then, to a miserable, quivering shred. In this moment—but maybe we'd better explain the story.

Mother Courage is a woman who operates a sort of unofficial post exchange on wheels in the wake of the various armies fighting the Thirty Years War in 17th Century Europe. When she starts out she has the aid of two sons and a daughter, who is mute, called Catherine. One by one she loses them, in ironic ways, to the war she so avidly pursues, but only rarely does her brain fight its way through her shortsightedness to revolt against the cause of her woes.

She goes on, epitomizing in her undaunted pursuit of quick-gain the selfish stupidity which, Brecht is plainly saying, is the essential cause of the colossal stupidity which is war. Mother Courage may curse the war now and then, but peace is the only really ruinous prospect on her horizon.

In her and the others, a varied crew of equally shoddy or stupid souls who manage surprisingly to escape being types, Brecht voices his savage pessimism about man. It is unrelied until Dumb Catherine mounts that roof. Driven to desperation by the thought of the children to be slaughtered in the sleeping town, she begins to pound the drum, all the bottled-up love and tragedy of her life

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Eric Bentley's translation is full of the sharp ring of 20th Century vernacular speech, and yet somehow falls naturally from the lips of the players, who are clad in some very credible costumes and surrounded by flavorful props.

The play has an incidental musical score by Paul Dessau. It sounded sometimes arresting, sometimes a little self conscious and in general seemed unnecessary to the drama. Certainly one would like to hear it again, however, before firming up any real conclusions. Bentley is right in calling for "actors who sing a bit, not singers," but the score demands at times enough voice to handle some coloratura touches, and the performance reminds us that even expert actors are not necessarily able to enunciate lyrics as clearly as lines.

The show will play at least through March 10th. For tickets, write the workshop at 136 Valencia Street, San Francisco.



# HERB CAEN



## Salinas of the North

MR. JEREMY ETS-HOKIN, hyphen and nostrils flaring, is at it again (never underestimate the tenacity of a man who has been bitten by the Headline Bug). The possible loss of the Actor's Workshop founders, Mr. E-Hyphen-H, is a disaster which places us "on a cultural par with Salinas."

O invidious comparison! To pick thus on Salinas, renowned for lettuce and sugar beets, two of the most cultured plants I know—every bit as cultured as Mr. Ets-Hokum's own plant (electrical contracting). We apologize to the blameless "Lettuce Capital of the World," the "Sweetest Little City in the State," home of Nestle's, Peter Paul Mounds, Smucker's Preserves ("With a Name Like Smucker's, You HAVE To Be Good"), Spreckels Sugar, the 70-piece Salinas Symphony and the California Rodeo.

We should like to remind Ets, or Hokin, or both, that it's one thing to be the voice of civic conscience, quite another to be a pain in the neck. However, I concede that it's hard to clam up in the face of such newspaper descriptions as "Ets-Hokin, the stormy petrel of the Art Commission." Petrol, as in gas, might be more fitting.

MAYBE, I'M BEING unduly provincial again, but it seems quite a plug for our culture—rather than a knock to it—that New York's Lincoln Repertory people should search the land for leadership and decide on two San Franciscans, the Workshop's talented Jules Irving and Herbert Blau. And it seems churlish to attack them (as some have) for accepting the challenging assignment. One of the few notes of sanity was Mayor Shelley's: "I'd find it hard to turn down an offer like that, too," he said.

Besides, what do Irving, Blau and their Workshop owe San Francisco? Nothing. They've worked hard for a long time—and for very little—and now, like the classic home-town prophets, they're being belatedly appreciated (perhaps even overappreciated) because they're going elsewhere. Like most San Franciscans, I hope they make good in the Big Town—and let's not kid ourselves: when it comes to theater, New York is still the Big Town. As for the void they leave, it will be filled by other actors, other groups. If life is unthinkable without an occasional Uncle Vanya, or Pinter and Albee, I don't think you have anything to worry about.

Anyway, even if it were the disaster Mr. Ets-Hokin gleefully envisages, it could be worse. Suppose the Actor's Workshop had been "stolen"—to use the detractors' term—by Los Angeles?

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# 'The Cherry Orchard' is moving production

By DOROTHY NICHOLS

"The Cherry Orchard" opening last night in Stanford's Little Theatre, is written out of a vanished world, Russia—emerging painfully from medievalism into the modern world. Its western-educated aristocracy suffered complexes of displaced persons, its people of intellect, and goodwill tortured in conscience and helpless before the gigantism of the problems.

But Chekhov's picture of a class dying from sheer irresponsibility is specific; what is universal in the play is his collection of nerotic characters, each imprisoned in his own fantasy. They can see each others' delusions and frequently point them out; they know they cannot see. They dream of miraculous escapes and cannot face distasteful reality. The student dreams of revolution; the young girl listens and dreams of love; the peasant and the housekeeping sister desire an understanding but there is no way to make themselves understood. All converse, but they are talking to themselves. There is no communication, except in fitful impulses of kindness, or sporadic outbursts of spiteful hostility.

They are victims, just as much as the old servant, abandoned by their cruel irresponsibility. But consider the young man who is proud that a catastrophe happens to him

every day; a complete character, a complete neurosis in five lines. Probably Stanford psychology students should be assigned "The Cherry Orchard" as a requirement.

The Stanford Players understand that this is a play of character, and do not destroy it trying to build up to climaxes that are not there. The result is that this production, not so polished or pictorially beautiful as Eva Le Gallienne's professional one in New York, is far more moving.

Partly this is Beatrice Manley Blau's conception of the lady of the estate, for she sees this essentially frivolous woman with compassion. She plays her quietly, projecting her charm, her kindness, her foolishness, without apparent effort, yet she is increasing the tension, making her real, sympathetic, so that when her emotional outburst with the student comes in the third act and her breakdown, her agony is genuine and the play is genuine tragedy. And what depths of feeling she expresses without a word when she comes upon her sister in the last act!

Her performance is matched by Morgan Stock's finely thought out, well-timed, understanding portrayal of the dilettante brother with a gift for oratory, whose awareness of his futility makes him not tiresome, but a man to be seen through tears. Frank Wolff does his best acting yet as the peasant on the make and his stamping, gleeful triumph, with servility and compunction mixed in, is a high moment. Carol Eller (last seen singing and dancing Morgan le Fay) gives a compact, tense expressive performance of the repressed Varya.

The actors are particularly successful in conveying varying ages. Gordon White is excellent in the always appealing part of the ancient valet. Emmanuel Brookman, behind a great beard, has a wonderful time as the roaring, harassed, impulsive landowner.

There are no small parts in the sense of glimpses; all are personalities and the actors have submerged comic tricks into genuine characterization: Anne Lawder as the eccentric governess, Ann Guilbert the maid developing lady-like delicacies, William Kenney the spoiled footman, John Stackpole the snatching beggar, Robin Mosher

**Che**

Beatrice  
the aristocr  
"Uncle Van  
Chekhov, wh  
Workshop pre  
at the Marines.  
Directed by E

# Chekhov Drama

Beatrice Manley plays  
the aristocratic Yelena in  
"Uncle Vanya" by Anton  
Chekhov, which the Actor's  
Workshop presents tonight  
at the Marines.  
Directed by Herbert Blau

(Miss Manley's husband,  
the play includes in its cast  
Robert Symonds in the title  
role, Tom Rosqui, Shifley,  
Jac Wagner, Robert Hoff-  
well, Joyce Lancaster and  
Rhoda Gaudin.



May 5, 1953 The San Francisco Chronicle

'Summer and Smoke' by the Actors' Workshop

## Miss Manley Excels in Williams' Play

By LUTHER NICHOLS

When we were last in New York, everybody said, "Hey, you ought to see Geraldine Page in 'Summer and Smoke.' She's doing a great job with an off-Broadway group down in the Village."

Now we have the reverse satisfaction of telling itinerant New Yorkers, "You ought to see Beatrice Manley in 'Summer and Smoke.' She's doing a great job over at the Actor's Workshop at 375-A Divisadero, also an off-Broadway group."

If pressed for details, we'd add that the show will only be repeated Friday and Saturday nights of this week, that it's eminently worth seeing, and that reservations should be made in advance by calling Market 1-5901.

Mark you, we're making no direct comparisons of the acting abilities of Miss Page and Miss Manley. But we will say that Miss Manley's portrayal of Alma, in Tennessee Williams' harrowing study of a Southern girl's deterioration for want of love, is as skillful and moving as any we've seen at Bay Area theaters in quite a while. It's quite enough to make you forget temporarily, as we did, any weary bias against Williams' reputation for erotic Southern ladies, or to forget their prejudice in the

fascination of watching Miss Manley's mastery of every cpy, overly genteel detail of Alma's behavior as she gasps, giggles, babbles and flutters in a pathetic attempt to conceal what she all the more reveals of her personality. And you'll forget such prejudice in the overall tragic impact of Miss Manley's Alma as a woman who compromises her fragile soul for a bodily lust she can never satisfy.

There are other good things about this production—things that should make everyone happy who holds faith in the actor's Work-

shop as a possible answer to the question: When will S. F. have a professional repertory company?

These virtues include the well-conceived direction of Herbert Blau, integrating excellent mood-music by Robert Searles and a well-arranged set by Ralph McCormick in such a way that the play's points are subtly underlined and its atmosphere is captured with the necessary delicacy.

Tom Rosqui plays the young doctor Alma loves. He conveys all

the later strength and little of the earlier rakehell weaknesses of Doc's character, but it's a most promising performance by this ex-College of Pacific and present Coast Guard actor. Others whose work impressed are Doris Cole, as Alma's mad mother, Vee Russell, as the Latin chippie Doc consorts with; Alexis Tellis, as Alma's prim suitor; Stan Weese, as her minister father; Leon Forbes, as Doc Sr., and Libby Parnag, as a loquacious friend.

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• **MOVIE GUIDE** •

## Success Hero Takes Over at The Orpheum

Opening today at the Orpheum is "The Jackie Robinson Story," a film about an American who rose to fame despite every obstacle, and who has done much to overcome racial prejudice.

Robinson, the Brooklyn Dodgers star second baseman, voted "most valuable player" in the National League for 1949, and the first Negro to break into the big leagues in modern times, plays himself in the film.

Ruby Dee, of "Anna Lucasta" fame, plays his wife, who inspires him to continue when the going gets tough, and Minor Watson portrays Branch Rickey, president of the Dodgers, who gave Robinson his biggest chance.

"Federal Man," with Bill Henry and Pamela Blake, is the second attraction.



**BEATRICE MANLEY.** New York stage and radio actress, has impressed critics and public alike with her performance in "Trio." Dorothy and Howard Baker's emotion-charged drama which the San Francisco Repertory Co. is now presenting nightly (except Mondays) at the Bush Street Theater.

CCCCAA PAGE 13  
San Francisco Chronicle  
THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1950

## New Drive-In Theater Will Open Tonight

The Geneva Drive-In Theater, San Francisco's newest outdoor movie structure, will have its grand opening tonight.

Located next to the Cow Palace, at 2150 Geneva avenue, the theater will feature a projection throw that is alleged to be the longest in Northern California, 512 feet. It has accommodations for 800 cars, and a confection center that is speaker-equipped and has a plate-glass window for motorists who want to eat and stretch their legs without losing sight of the screen.

Tonight's opening film will be "Singing Guns," a lively Western, with Vaughn Monroe. The box office will open at 7 p.m.

## **Bush Street Theater**

### **'Trio' Is an Absorbing, Adult Play**

By **JOHN HOBART**

"Trio," the play by Dorothy and Howard Baker that won a quite unjustified reputation for being "wicked" when it was given in New York in 1944, had its first local performance Wednesday night at the Bush Street Theater as the sixth offering of the San Francisco Repertory Company.

It is difficult to see why there was so much untoward fuss about it. Wicked "Trio" most certainly is not, for all the fact that its central character is a Lesbian, nor is it in the least sensational. On the contrary, the play is an honest and adult study of the troubled relationship of three people, and since it is being exceedingly well acted by the Repertory group, under Robert Eley's direction, it provides an evening of absorbing interest.

#### **TUG-OF-WAR**

"Trio" centers about a brilliant and decadent woman professor of French civilization in an American college who has for several years imprisoned a youthful girl protegee in a tortured, unnatural relationship that the girl herself loathes and longs to escape from. An avenue of escape is offered when a young man who is a student at the college falls in love with her. And "Trio" becomes a tug-of-war between the Frenchwoman and the student for possession of the girl—a struggle that is resolved when the girl sees clearly the extent of the older woman's viciousness and the basic emptiness of her intellectual pretensions.

#### **FASCINATING**

Beatrice Manley's performance as the Frenchwoman is fascinating to watch. She is a striking-looking woman who brings to the part a glittering surface charm (to say nothing of a beguiling French accent), but she misses none of the character's less attractive traits—her over-possessiveness, her cunning and her ruthlessness—and she gives her final moments, when the woman realizes that her only recourse is suicide, an air of genuine tragedy.

Kim Holton's playing of the protegee tends somewhat to monotonous





BEATRICE MANLEY, STAR OF TRIO  
Black sheath and tailored lace jacket



HER COSTUMES ARE CONVERTIBLE  
Electric blue and lame for dramatic effect

Local Designer Wally Lane

## The Costume Collection for 'Trio'

by Ninon

DESIGNING "on stage" clothes is very different from designing "off stage" clothes, says Wally Lane, San Francisco designer who would know.

Mr. Lane designed the costumes for *Trio*, the play by Thornton Wilder and Howard Baker currently being presented by the San Francisco Repertory Company at the Bush Street Theater. He also maintains a designing studio at 1219 Taylor street.

Wally Lane did not start out to be a designer at all. He majored in horticulture at the

University of California, where the opportunity granted under the GI Bill of Rights he was able to study fashion first hand at the houses of Schiaparelli and Lucien Lelong in Paris. After returning to America he turned to designing costumes for both drama and ballet, besides maintaining a private salon.

The lead role of *Trio*, played by Beatrice Manley, concerns "a brilliant and decadent woman professor of French civilization in an American college, who is cunning, ruthless and vicious."

"Her role demands exotic, sophisticated, severe clothes,"

needed dramatic effect. He topped a black crepe sheath dress with a tailored, belted lace jacket, mounted on chiffon for body. An electric blue frock has extremely full bishop sleeves which are seen under a sleeveless jacket of blue and

gold lame.

"These costumes were designed to look well with or without the jackets, the designer says. "The economy of costumes enables the actress to relax between scenes without worrying about quick changes."

DRAMA

# The Loss of a Theater and Its Effect on a City's Culture

By Paine K. Kickerbocker

and Blau certainly intend to employ whatever tools are available to make the most telling impression on the American theater.

(On Tuesday it was announced that among those who had been invited to New York and accepted were Ray Fry, Elizabeth Huddle, Robert Haswell, Shirley Jac Wagner, Glenn Mazen, Robert Phalen, Tom Rosqui, Robert Symonds, Edward Winter and Dan Sullivan.)

San Francisco had, until the announcement of their imminent departure, worried little about Blau and Irving, and Blau in turn had treated those who ignored him (and some who did not) with a savage contempt.

"There are times when, confronted with the despicable behavior of people in the American theater, I feel like the lunatic Lear on the heath, wanting to 'kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill,' he announces in the first paragraph in his book 'The Impossible Theater: A Manifesto.'"

Following our published as-

Other resident theaters in the United States are less strident. Blau and Irving were obviously selected for the New York appointment because of their unflagging dedication, however hard at times it has been to accept.

The wounded cry of Jeremy Ets-Hokin, the Donald Duck of the Art Commission, reveals the very sort of outrage that the Workshop quite probably would find hateful.

Once again in headlines he deplored San Francisco's lack of culture, but his complaints revealed how little he knows about the Workshop—the theater in general, and the problems of the company in particular.

He even mispronounced the name of Pierre Monteux during his well-publicized outburst. Culture, one gathers from Ets-Hokin, is a hair shirt for someone else to wear.

Our first conflict with the Workshop came with our review of the American premiere of "Mother Courage." (We have learned much since then.) While our remarks

San Francisco has often not been ready for the Workshop, but still some of the company's productions have been failures because of those in charge. Blau describes "Sergeant Musgrave's Dance" (which lasted until 12:15 a.m. on opening night) candidly in his book.

San Francisco, however, is an infinitely richer community because of the contributions of the Workshop, even if some were maladroit, and the community has had an unusual opportunity to see the work of contemporary playwrights from many nations because of this determined company.

Harold Clurman has written that if Blau and Irving leave San Francisco without planning for the continuance of the Workshop, they will have "betrayed" the community.

This we feel is totally unjust.

The two men have done as much as was possible here. Now they should be permitted to conserve all their en-

energy. The director will be less stringent, and will achieve something of a compromise to attract larger audiences and more subscribers.

Whatever happens, the Actor's Workshop that Blau and Irving created and nurtured will never be the same again. It will be fascinating to see how that segment goes to the Lincoln Center will prosper.

Michael O'Sullivan, the Workshop's Lear a few years ago, is now starring in the title role of "Tartuffe" for the Lincoln Center, and has been acclaimed by the critics.

When he was last in San Francisco, Blau berated him for deserting the company.

Irving, however, explains that some actors, like O'Sullivan, do better not remaining long with one organization. With those going to New York, one assumes they should do as well, although the Workshop's "Waiting for Godot," presented off-Broadway for six weeks in New York, caused no dancing in the streets.

Irving has felt that the name of the organization should be changed, that Actor's Workshop is ambiguous. It will be ironic if this title which they wished to shed is perpetuated for a company not intimately connected with its original purpose.

But as for San Francisco's cultural image, that has been

1207  
A YEAR AGO we had the good fortune to be eating at an extremely expensive restaurant in Beverly Hills where the bill was to be paid by someone else.

The captains and the waiters greeted us by waving huge menus the size of folding card tables and just as unmanageable, speaking with the accents Central Castings would have approved. I decided to begin my dinner with Blue Points, my wife chose escargots.

And what excitement! The holders were provided with a flourish, and finally on the tiny plate, steaming fragrantly, the snails arrived.

I savored the refreshing delicacy of the oysters, and when I looked up was appalled to see a look on my wife's face hinting that her pocket had been picked.

"There's nothing in them," she cried, outraged, pointing at the delicate shells on the plate before her. We both poked with forks, and she was quite correct. The dish had been marvelously prepared, but the chef had forgotten to replace the snails in their shells.

When we summoned the captain, he assumed chicanery was afoot, and that my wife was endeavoring to promote a second round. But when he returned to the kitchen, of course there on a side board were the little fugitives.

This is comforting recollection when we consider the



cultural race between the Los Angeles hare and the San Francisco tortoise.

It is also well to remember that the new Pavilion in Los Angeles was promoted by the wife of a man whose paper supported Goldwater.

But too it is essential to keep in mind that both communities, in defiance of human dignity, supported Proposition 14 last fall.

What is important, we propose, is that it's foolish to pretend to be more cultured than we are, or that we can be more cultured merely by a shouting that by God! We are. That in spite of critical fervor San Francisco has not supported the Actor's Workshop cannot be ignored.

"Culture," says Webster, "is the enlightenment and refinement of taste acquired by intellectual and aesthetic training." This training, as far as the stage is concerned, is what the Actor's Workshop has been offering.

Now that company's two producing directors, Jules Irving and Herbert Blau, are leaving for the Lincoln Center Repertory theater in New York. They will take with them the top actors of the group, not only because those individuals work together admirably, but because Irving-

sesment of that book, he wrote to the editors of The Chronicle:

"Could you please tell me whether there will be a review of my book in The Chronicle? I read some comments today by Mr. Knickerbocker; frankly, they gave me the willies—as if Lee Oswald's mother had reviewed the Warren Report."

The letter arrived on the day we were scheduled to review the Workshop's "Country Wife," which we consider one of the best of many superlative productions by the company.

It was directed by Robert Symonds, and we wonder what the director and cast would have thought had they known such a letter of personal spite was burning in our pocket as we trudged up the hill to the Marines'.

For its opening his tribute to our integrity as a reviewer was, we suppose, quite accidental.

The Workshop has not been widely accepted by San Francisco because in fact, Blau and Irving did not intend that it should be. Irving is charming and Blau, while perhaps not lovable, is impressive.

We applaud their determination and their high standards. They have left their mark on a theater, but if such a company is to continue, it may make some softening gestures to the community.

earnest, it was the review of a Yahoo.

Our conclusions were honest, but we were simply inadequately prepared to discuss that particular play.

Similarly certain foreign films cannot succeed on Market street. The general public does not appreciate them.

ahead, and let the community make the most of what remains.

At this moment, we have "Barefoot in the Park" at the Geary. Sponsored by the Theater Guild, this may be the innocuous sort of theater San Francisco wishes.

Perhaps if the Workshop

era symphony, ballet, and museums.

There is still time to fill the snail shells. Unquestionably the five per cent hotel tax (similar to that of New York City) proposed by Howard Gossage and Dr. Gerald Feigen would be of great help.



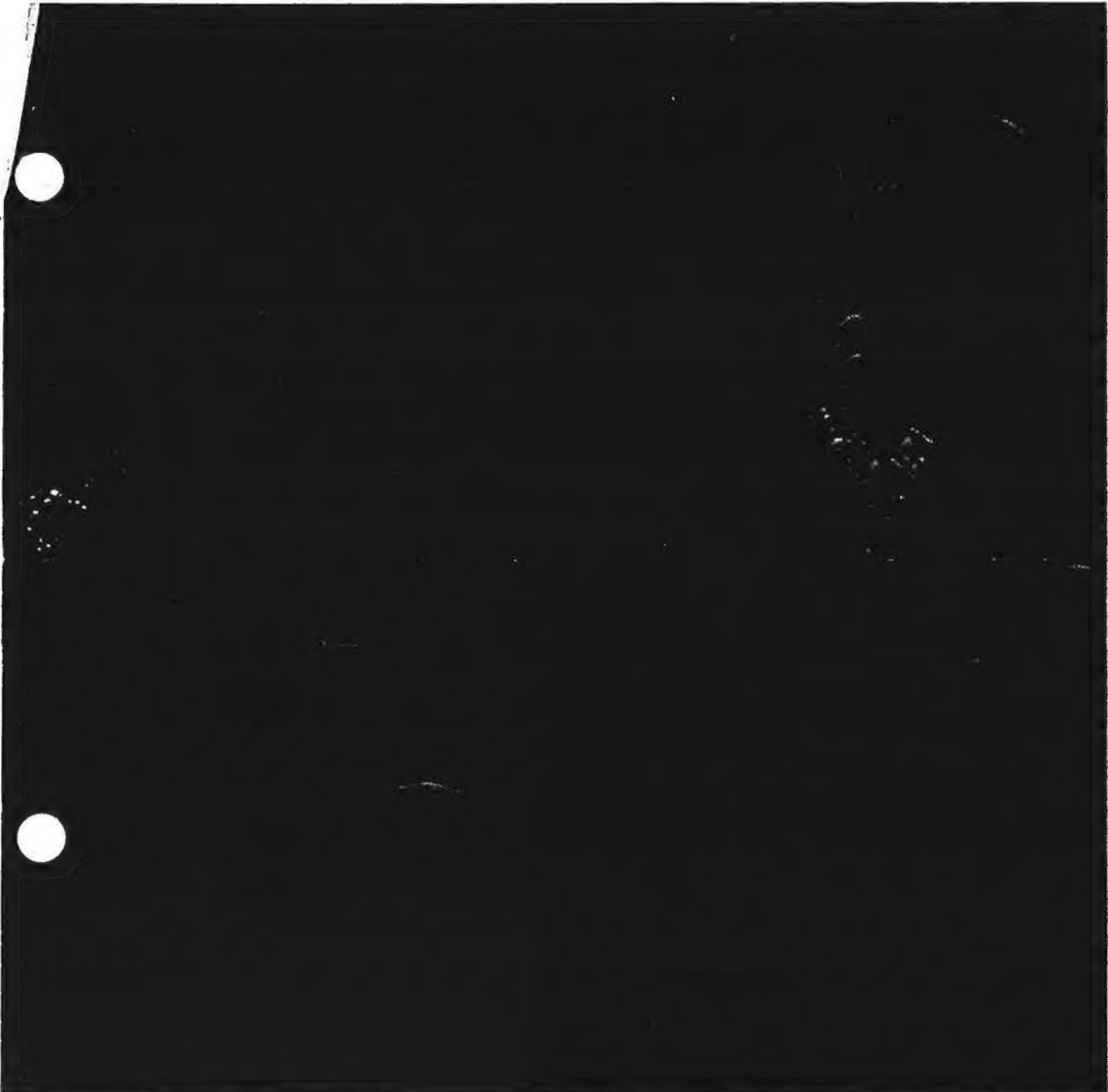
LAST MAJOR PRODUCTION of the Actor's Workshop, "Uncle Vanya," with (left to right) Rhoda Gemignani as Sonya, Robert Symonds as Vanya and Beatrice Manley as Yelena. The Chekhov play will open Wednesday at the Marines'.





52 Edward Winter, Robert Symonds, Elizabeth Huddle, Glenn Mazen, Beatrice Manley, Paul Mann, and Brock Peters in *THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE*. 1966





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- a) *Scene from Bertolt Brecht's  
The Caucasian Chalk Circle.*
- b) *Cast of The Condemned of Altona by  
Jean-Paul Sartre.*
- c) *Scene from Georg Buechner's Danton's Death.*
- d) *Scene from William Wycherley's  
The Country Wife.*
- e) *The Governor In Bertolt Brecht's  
The Caucasian Chalk Circle.*

*Photos by Peter Daness*





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"Stunning!" The word is John Wingate's who broadcast it on WOR-Radio-TV. He was speaking of the costumes James Hart Stearns created for The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center productions.

■ "The costumes are richer and righter than even the sets," wrote Walter Kerr in the *New York Herald Tribune*. "Ribbioned wigs and lofted walking sticks are to be expected in resurrecting Wycherley's *The Country Wife*. But here there are sleeves like softly grounded parachutes, black lace against chattering reds, Puss-in-Boots outfits for girls in disguise that make plaids seem the gentlest patterns yet devised by mortal man. None of this is window dressing: it walks effortlessly with the people." *Cue Magazine* called them "splendid;" the *Journal of Commerce* described them as "opulent;" and the *Village Voice* said "gorgeous!" ■ For *Danton's Death* "the costumes were expressively atmospheric" (*Variety*) and "ideally correct for period and impact." (*Morning Telegraph*). ■ With *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* "the stage comes alive. The costumes and masks are downright wonderful!" (*Life Magazine*) Stanley Kauffmann in *The New York Times* stated, "The costumes are gorgeous when need be (some of the actors wear resplendent Persian rugs like gowns) and are fine peasant stuff otherwise. All the upper-class characters and their attendants wear masks, slightly outsize and grotesque. These and the costumes are by Stearns and all are excellent." "Vividly imaginative designs; wondrous and even magical on the stage." (*San Francisco Examiner*) "The costumes and masks are really sensational!" (*New York Journal-American*) Rarely have costume designs for the New York stage been showered with so much praise. ■

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# VANGUARD NEWS

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Theatre Vanguard 9014 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90069 (213) 278-0641

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BEATRICE MANLEY as

MARCH 1976

## MOLLY BLOOM

Friday/Saturday  
March 12/13  
8:30PM  
\$3.00/\$2.00 ST  
Theatre Vanguard  
will begin its  
March schedule  
with accomplished  
actress Beatrice

Manley's one-woman theatre piece based on the Molly Bloom soliloquy from James Joyce's ULYSSES. This rich and challenging hour of theatre includes the five important strands of Molly's impassioned thoughts during that memorable, sleepless ear-

ly morning: her relations with her husband, Leopold; her lover, Blazes Boylan; her daughter, Milly; her dead baby, Rudy; and her (possible) new lover, Stephen Daedalus. Molly is seen through the turbulence of her memories and thoughts of her present sexual involvements. In Beatrice Manley's portrayal we find ourselves with Molly, just before sleep, in a superb poetic reverie that is a powerful affirmation of the beauty in human relationships.

This dramatic encounter with Molly Bloom is but another distinguished achievement for Ms Manley, whose career has featured outstanding realisations of some of the most demanding women's roles in modern theatre -- including the title role in the first American production of Brecht's MOTHER COURAGE. She was one of the founders of the Actor's Workshop in San Francisco, and was for several years a member of the Vivian Beaumont Repertory Theatre at New York's Lincoln Center. Ms Manley has taught, directed and written extensively for the theatre, and is perhaps best known in Los Angeles for her critically acclaimed performance in Samuel Beckett's HAPPY DAYS. She brings to Molly Bloom a sense of immediacy and dramatic force which contribute to a very special evening of theatre.

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Friday  
March 19  
8:30PM  
\$2.50/1.50 ST

### STEFAN WEISSER'S INSTILL: TRANSLATIONS

A COMPOSITION FOR FOUR VOICES AND TAPE REPLAY

This unique, experimental poetry/theatre piece utilizes live recitation and tape play-back in a complex and lyrical synthesis of word music. Based on source material generated from October through December of last year, in preparation for this presentation, the work will be